Daily Eagle

LOVE IS LORD OF DEATH.

'Tis true; I shall love thee forever, I know,
While suns shall rise or tides shall flow,
And when on my heart lies death's hand cold,
I shall love thee then as in days of old.

I shall look for the light of thy dark blue eyes,
When o'er the sea heaven's glories rise,
For one glance from those eyes will be to me
The glory of immortality.

Through the streets of that city of burnished gold
I shall look for my love of the days of old—
I shall list for her voice 'mid the angel's strain,
Without her e'en heaven were eternal pain.

Ah, love, dost thou know how fully thy name
Is woven with every dream of fame
I have dreamed, so that time nor eternity
Holds faith or love that does not mean thee.
—Home Journal.

THREE INTERVIEWS.

HE.

One morning in August, 1863, Dr. George Iyzarde, of the —th South Carolina infantry, then on special staff detail in Richmond, Va., was passing down a line of new recruits drawn up for medical inspection. He put them through the usual contortions. They swung their arms, rose up on their toes, rolled their eyes, and put our their tongues after the manner of their kind, while he perfunctorily thumped and scrutinized them not unlike a critical darky in a melon patch.

At last he halted before a medium sized, yellow haired lad, whose beardless face, slender physique and evasive, not to say nervous manner indicated that youthful timidity was strongly contending with the fiery resolution that had doubtless brought him hither. His preternaturally large bright eyes hardly ever rose in their glances above the surgeon's sash and sword belt. His face and neck were well tanned, yet his features were of classic regularity and his hand small and shapely. The routine questions as to age, etc., were answered with evident reluctance. The doctor seemed to grow suspicious, for he suddenly pressed his knuckles sharply against the youth's chest. The latter sprang back with a swift appealing glance at his tormentor, who abruptly turned, passed to the next man and so on down the line. When he had finished, Dr. Iyzarde returned to the lad, and consulting his list, said in a cold, official tone:

"Your name is Oliver Wild?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will come with me, Wild. Your case seems to require special attention."

The surgeon led the way, while Wild, with eyes upon the ground, quietly followed him into a private office, when the latter closed the door and turning to the would be soldier he said sternly:

"Now, miss or madam, how long have you been masquerading in this attire and what is your real purpose?"

The youth looked up with a frightened contraction of feature, then assumed with effort a hardened, indifferent air, saying:

"I reely don't make out to understand ye, sir."

"I will make my meaning plain. You are a woman. It is difficult to conceal such things from a physician who knows his business. Do not deny it. 'Twould save you from a more public exposure. Your motives though widely mistaken, may be honorable; yet, though the Confederacy needs soldiers badly, we can do without women in that capacity for a while yet. I also fear that in your language, as in your actions, you are veiling your real station in life by an assumption of ignorance as unnatural to you as it seems degrading to me."

As Iyzarde concluded, the other lowered his gaze to the floor and remained obstinately silent. The doctor resumed:

"You will see that it is impossible for me to pass you. Yet if you have a real desire to serve your country, there are other ways wherein you may do so without unsexing yourself. There are"——

"Do you really think so?" she interrupted. (We may as well say "she" now.) In her earnestness she forgot her cracker dialect and intonation, and spoke with a pure and refined enunciation.

"Certainly," replied Iyzarde. "There are hospitals needing good nurses; also the Sisters of Mercy and Charity of various religious and secular orders who follow the ambulance and brave shot and shell to accomplish good work on the battlefield. The courage of the soldier is far more essential than the devotion of those who minister to human suffering amid frightful perils to the living. Even your face and hands are artificially tanned. See!"

Before she could resist he took one of her hands, pushed up the coatsleeve, revealing thereby a shapely white arm. Through the brown upon her cheek he saw the rich color rising as she hung her head. At this period some one entered the outer office, and the doctor, bidding her to remain there until his return, went out, closing the door behind him.

It was several minutes before he came back, only to find that the would be recruit had vanished. An open window looking into a back yard, that communicated with an alley leading to the street, explained the manner of her exit. He afterward made various discreet inquiries, yet heard of her no more, finally abandoning the quest with a feeling of pique. She had interested him more than he felt the heroine of such a freakish escapade deserved. There was a contradiction and a mystery involved therein that puzzled and fascinated him; yet as the months wore on these impressions gradually faded into a vague, gently regretful memory.

SHE.

Sister Maria Jones, a nurse of the order of the "White Cross," attached to the ambulances of Gordon's division, was attending the wounded in the rear of the trenches before Richmond. The time was the winter of 1864-5. Grant was drawing his cordon tightly around the doomed city. Without those battle worn lines were all the pomp and circumstance of war; within, its suffering and desolation. The men in the rifle pits were stretched to the utmost limit consistent with safety, and the fighting was incessant and severe.

One day Sister Maria was called on to attend a young surgeon, whose professional ardor on the field had subjected him to a dangerous wound. She started back at the sight of his pale, inanimate face, then quietly settling herself with a new resolve, she hardly left his side for two days. He was then taken to Richmond, where better accommodations could be secured to him. After his departure Sister Maria continued her work of mercy as usual, yet there were graver lines upon her face and at times a soft, introspective light in her eye, while she might have been detected in committing certain thoughts to her diary that she would never willingly have made public. The next entry after the wounded surgeon's departure ran thus:

"He is gone, and so ends my brief dream. He recovered his strength sufficiently to endure removal, and during one lucid interval he recognized me. It happened that I alone was by his side. His brown eyes opened with a bewildered glare; he looked around him wearily, then fixed his gaze upon my face. In spite of myself I blushed and looked down. Then I heard him murmur, as if to himself:

"'It must—my little recruit—ran off.'

"I dared not raise my eyes, though I could afterward have bitten out my tongue at my own stupidity. I might have given him one word—one sign even of recognition; but no; I must stand there down faced like a fool, until a gasping sigh aroused me. He had fainted dead away. He never seemed to know me after that. Ah me! Perhaps it is just as well, for in this terrible hurly burly of war we are not likely to meet again."

THEY.

On a mellow May morning of the year —— was walking along one of those puzzling, alphabetical side streets of Washington, which in the early post bellum days were usually either bathed in mud or choked with dust. A lodging and boarding house atmosphere permeated the dingy brick houses on either side. A tawdry weariness of aspect brooded over them, as though the requirements of existence were burdensome.

Andrew Johnson's efforts to conciliate the old aristocratic element of the south were at their climax, and the national capital was much frequented by the social and political leaders of Dixie in consequence. Many of them were sadly impoverished and aired, perforce, their decayed yet unruffled gentility about the boarding houses rather than the great hotels.

The gentleman finally pulled a certain door bell and was ushered into a much used parlor by a white aproned mulatto, who took his card and hastened up stairs. The visitor sank back into a chair and looked out at the window. He was tall, slender and well dressed, with a pensive air, a long brown mustache and close clipped hair slightly tinted with gray. Five minutes passed, and his attitude remained unchanged. Then there was a soft rustle of drapery down the hall, a faint scent of violets in the air, and a low clear voice entering her ear as its owner glided into his presence. He had arisen, hat in hand, as these words were uttered:

"Dr. Iyzarde will pardon this intrusion, I hope, for instead of Mr. Seabrook, it is only his niece. Uncle Horace is out—— Good heavens!"

"My little recruit again!"

These exclamations were the result of a mutual survey of each other. The lady flushed violently, then her face slowly paled, as her large eyes rested in wondering embarrassment on the stranger. He drew a deep breath, then said, hesitatingly:

"Are you indeed Mr. Seabrook's niece—his favorite niece, as he has told me?"

"He is foolish enough to call me so; yet—what must you think of me—you, his old friend, whom I thought I had never seen before?"

Her color again rose and her eyes fell before his gaze, but he smiled roguishly, saying:

"It might take hours to tell all I have thought about you. And so you were the romantic young lady who ran away from the convent school in Charleston after Gettysburg, bent on doing heroic and impracticable wonders for your country. Horace wrote me something of it at the time, yet I never dreamed until now that my little recruit and she were one."

"I fear it has not added to your good opinion of me, and had I thought the stern young doctor before whom I trembled, and Uncle Horace's old friend George Iyzarde were also one and the same, I should never have dared to face you."

"Yet I have often wished to see you," said he earnestly. "It must have been that the wish was father to the thought in enabling me to recognize you today, having only seen you once before."

"Are you so sure of that?" she asked archly.

He looked at her inquiringly, then replied:

"I was wounded, you know, or rather you didn't know. It was shortly before the surrender. I was delirious, I think, but I fancied that I caught glimpses of your face, fairer than I had seen it before, yet still yours. It was doubtless only fancy, though its fleeting, recurring vividness made it seem real."

"Then you never heard of Sister Maria Jones?"

Her face was grave, yet a merry light danced in her eyes.

"Well, no," he returned unsuspectingly. "There were many nurses about us, yet——. I believe you are quizzing me."

"What wonderful penetration! So, sir, you never heard of her. I fear you will next deny having coldly advised a timid soldier boy to go as a nurse, after telling him"——

"Why, of course I remember that, and"——

"Silence! After plainly intimating that his budding patriotism deserved no higher avenue to fame."

"I humbly plead guilty to that charge, yet what has that to do with Sister Maria Smith?"

"Jones, sir. There were already too many Smiths in the order. Now, don't it occur to you that your soldier boy might have rechanged his sex in appearing as a nurse? Men have many privileges, but sisterhood is as yet denied them. Sister Tom Jones wouldn't have sounded well, so it had to be Maria instead, and"——

"Then you were Sister Maria?"

"Who nursed you in the field hospital."

"Then I did see you there after all. I shall never dispute my fancy again. How I regret that I did not have sense to express my gratitude."

They looked at each other in silence for a moment. Then her gaze wandered through the window; on her cheek was a tender play of color, and she sighed softly. His own look was one of unrepressed admiration. Finally he took her unresisting hand, saying:

"Miss Seabrook, forgive my abruptness. I have often thought of you, slight and peculiar as has been our intercourse, and now"——

The front door suddenly opened and a heavy step was heard in the hall. With a glance and a smile transfiguring her face that no lover could mistake, she gently withdrew her hand just as an affable looking, middle aged man appeared in the doorway, and said with a Protean assumption of raillery:

"Uncle Horace, here is a stranger who asserts so strongly his desire to be a friend that I shall leave him with you to settle the question."

And she did. The nature of the settlement may be determined from the following notice that appeared in The Charleston Courier some time during the following November:

"At the residence of Horace Seabrook, Esq., Oak Cottage, St. Andrews parish, by the Rev. Charles Cotesworth, Miss Alice Seabrook to Dr. G. W. Iyzarde of this city. No cards."—William Perry Brown in Atlanta Constitution.

In Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard, a pound of butter being rolled out into a stick a yard long and sold in sections.

No False Teeth for Him.

"N', n', honey! Dis niggah dun hab no 'ficial teef tucked away in his mouf, yeah me? Fo' de good Lo'd want him fo' to hab teef, an him agoin' fas' to Canaan's lan', he dun gib him de good ole crunchers like what he had fo' de war, I tell ye!"

The old man who delivered himself of this opinion is an old negro in the Newark almshouse. He is very fond of tobacco, but whenever he wants a fresh quid he has to chip it off the plug with a knife, as he has no teeth with which to bite it. "Deed, no sah. I can't take 'um; I can't take 'um," he continued, being pressed to ask the superintendent for a set of false teeth. "Mebbe youse gemmen is pokin' fun at de ole man an mebbe you isn't, but no matter what 'tis, de ole man kin dun gib y' pints on teef. He's mos' nigh onter ninety-five yeahs ole an' he ain't done had no crunche's fo' mor'n thirty ob em. Why bress yo eyes, honey, dis yeah ole carcase ud dun bin rottin' away in de tomb long time since, if de ole man's teef didn't mow out. Long as de ole man dun need de grinders he had 'em—an good ones dey was too, yeah me. But de time kem when de coon an hoe cake got too strong fo' de ole man. Den de good Lo'd dun take away his teef. De ole man got no bizness chewin' coon and sich. His digestion n' hab use fo' sich strong food. Nush an' m'lasses, milk an' reglor pickaninny dishes 's wot he ought to hab. He couldn't chew nuffin else, so he took de pickaninny dishes an' good fo' many a day yet. Ef de Lo'd meant fo' me to eat de same kine o' truck dat I eat when Massa Linkum dun set me free, why bress yo' poo' heart he dun gib me teef for to do it too."—New York Mail and Express.

CONNECTICUT COONS.

FAMOUS COON DOGS OF THE NOTED "DEVIL'S HOP YARD."

When the Season Sets In—What the Coon Fattens On and How He Is Brought Down Out of the Tree—Coon Suppers. Fighting the Dogs.

The coon season sets in in Connecticut about the middle of September and continues until cold weather, but the farmers do not make a business of the sport until after the corn has been husked and other autumn chores have been done. The coon is ripest and juiciest in the period between Oct. 15 and Nov. 15, and, being stuffed full of Indian corn, fall poultry, chestnuts and acorns, he is less nimble; he cannot run so far after the dogs once get on his trail. His wits are not so sharp either, and usually as soon as the first hue and cry of a lot of stalwart country lads, with a couple of excited dogs, is borne to him on the still, crisp autumn air, he waddles away into the heart of the most convenient swamp, pulls his corpulent body to the top of an evergreen or black oak tree and waits for the chase. If the night is starlit it is an easy thing to do to pick him off his lofty perch with a charge of No. 3 shot driven with three-and-a-half drachms of powder behind his foreshoulder. A fat coon that has been shot in this way usually sits still and thinks a moment, until he has fully made up his mind that his burden is more than he can bear, then he topples contentedly over and comes tumbling down among the tree limbs with the punky thud of a decayed pumpkin rolling out of a cart. He strikes the ground, a large round ball of fur, and instantly four arms tipped with sharp hooks shoot out just in time to catch two dogs that have been excitedly waiting for this act in the entertainment. The coon has now become a buzz saw, and each time that he revolves a dog loses several pieces of his hide or a bit of his ear or lip. Over and over the three animals spin, dogs snarling and snapping, coon biting and striking and spluttering, and the revolutions do not cease until the motive power gives out and the coon is a limp bag of fat in the jaws of his fierce foes. After the game has been killed one of the hunters throws it over his shoulders and the dogs are driven off into the woods to look up a new trail.

THE BEST COON REGION.

The best coon country in Connecticut is the rocky, wooded, picturesque region between the Connecticut and Thames rivers. It is the kind of a land that a coon revels and grows fat in. There are rich meadows and arable hillsides, where farmers can raise fine corn for coons; there are almost impenetrable swamps, to which coons can retire in times of stress; there are deep, gloomy valleys, walled in by frowning, chaotic masses of rocks, that are pierced by winding chambers and cavities, and there are long forests of big trees, with a hole in every fifth tree, into which a coon can slip in the early morning after a night of it in the corn lot or at a farmer's poultry yard.

About fourteen miles west of Norwich, and six or seven from the Connecticut river, is a deep valley of singular formation that is remarkable for wild and fantastic scenery. It is known in half the state as the "Devil's Hop Yard," and it is the center of a tract of country of legendary renown. Here coons and witches have been hunted from an immemorial time. At the north a roaring trout stream leaps through a jagged throat in the hills over bowlders and ledges, sixty feet or more, into the valley, which expands on either hand until it is half a mile in width in its broadest part, and rushes through a narrow gap between vertical precipices three miles below at the southern limit of the hop yard. On each side the valley is hemmed in by perpendicular, almost seamless walls of block granite; the mountains are begirt by a wide wilderness, with here and there a farm amid the woods, and, as far as the business of men is concerned, it is practically out of the world. The Devil's Hop Yard, so called because the devil used to "hop" in it with Haddam witches before the world became too dull and commonplace for a romantic gentleman in black with horns on his head to take any interest in it, is, together with the environing country, the paradise of coon hunters and the nursery of typical coon dogs. Nowhere else are the coon hunter and the coon dog to be met with in their full and complete glory.

It requires an extraordinary dog for hunting coons, for no other animal leaves so delicate and fleeting a scent. It is up to all the tricks of the fox, too, in baffling pursuit. If there is any process for breeding a successful coon dog it is not known. A setter or a pointer may do artistic work in his own field that no other dog can rival, and a foxhound may be superb in his line, but all may be practically worthless for coon hunting. A good coon dog may have a cross from all other hunting dogs, and there may be a broad stripe of mongrel in his make up, yet no one can say just what it is that makes him great in his profession. There are scores of coon dogs, but a first rate one is rare, and his value priceless.

THE TYPICAL COON DOG.

A good coon dog is born, not made. He is the Scotchman, or Yankee, of the canine species—one trait he must possess above all others, he must be canny. The Devil's Hop Yard raises the best coon dogs. There are probably a dozen dogs, owned by farmers in its region about the yard, that cannot be bought for $50, and for one or two of the number a $100 bill would appeal in vain for acceptance by way of exchange. Yet two of them are homely, shaggy looking fellows about the farm, with brown coats and mild brown eyes; and another is apparently a cross between a foxhound and a shepherd dog. In the head of each, just above the eyes, is a bump that sticks out like a knob on an oak root; that bunch is supposed to contain the combination that is set for coons, without which they would not be worth $50 and $100 apiece.

The hunters of the hop yard have done little else since the first day of October but stir up the coons. There is little money in hunting them for their fur or their meat, but it is customary each fall for hunters to drive out to the yard from Norwich, New London, Middletown, and from Moodus and the Haddams on the Connecticut river for a night of coon hunting, and the local hunters act as guides. In this way the famous dogs are worth their price to their masters. There is something wrong with the night or with the hunters if one of these parties returns at daylight with less than from four to ten coons. The hunters go home with their load of game, the youngest and fattest animal is carefully dressed by a caterer and roasted, and at night the party and their friends have a coon supper, which they wash down with mugs of beer, hard cider and sometimes punch. Epicures rarely express a similar opinion about the flavor of roast coon; some think it resembles that of roast pig, others detect a likeness to that of mutton, still others say that it savors of bear's meat, and a few profess to find it a combination of mutton, bear and pig flavors. Many other men who have made desperate efforts to eat a coon supper confess that they would rather try a woodchuck or a black cat next time.—Norwich (Conn.) Cor. New York Sun.

A Crushing Rebuke.

The unauthorized use which wealthy people frequently try to make of talented guests received a crushing rebuke the other day. Saint Saens, the composer, was invited to a dinner, the invitation containing the announcement that he would play. As soon as he entered the house the wealthy hostess asked him to play. "O, madame, before dinner I cannot! I am too hungry." After dinner the hostess again requested him to play. "How can you ask that, madame? I have eaten too much!" said the composer. There are a good many society ladies in this city who might read the foregoing with advantage and then paste it in their bonnets.

Morning Dew for Her Complexion.

A young woman who claims Augusta as her home, and who officiated as maid to a New York belle who spent last summer at Bar Harbor, has just cleared up what was regarded, even at that resort, used as it is to queer freaks, as mysterious actions. Every morning my lady's maid was seen to leave the hotel between 5 and 6, and spread on the grass something that looked very like a fine white handkerchief. Then, having waited a few moments, she would gather up the article and return to her mistress' chamber. She now explains that it was part of her duties to wet a lace mouchoir—as the lady called it—with the early dew of morning and then lay it over the face of the New York belle, who had an idea that it softened and added beauty and freshness to her complexion. Privately, the maid admitted—not expecting to be engaged by the same damsel another season—that the young lady's ruse was a failure, as her complexion always looked moist and rather shiny, instead of having the clear tint she hoped for. That the first snow of winter is commonly supposed to remove freckles is an old conceit, but that the morning dew enhances the complexion of city belles is indeed a new "fad."—Lewiston Journal.

Railway Enterprise in Turkey.

An important railway enterprise is announced in Turkey, a syndicate of British financiers having received from the government the right to construct a grand trunk line to traverse the central plateau of Asia Minor and connect Constantinople with Bagdad, covering a distance of 1,880 miles. It is said that for years past this undertaking has been the goal of rival speculators. English, French, German and American companies have all sought to obtain the franchise. The line to Ade-Bazaar from Ismid is to be commenced forthwith and finished in two years. In four years the line is to be finished to Angora, and eight years after to Bagdad. It is estimated to cost some $90,000,000.—Chicago News.

An Ingenious Bargain.

"Please, mum, gimme a slate pencil," said little Fred as he entered a store on his way to school.

"Look here," said the old lady, "you didn't pay for that; I want a penny."

"I hain't got a penny."

"Then give me back the pencil."

"No, I won't." And breaking the pencil evenly in two he added, offering the old lady one half: "There, that pays for my part."—The Epoch.